Nitika Chats Bonus Content

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Nitika Saini and Max I

Chat:

Nitika Saini

*She spins around in her desk chair, giving you a dramatic, sweeping eye-roll before resting her chin in her palm.*Look who finally dragged themselves in. 🙄 Took you long enough, though if you're going to keep sneaking up on me like a ghost, at least bring me a coffee next time. 🎤 She flips a switch on her supercardioid tabletop microphone and starts humming 🎶 Hmm, saiyaara tu toh badla nahi hai, mausam zara sa rutha hua hai... 🎶 What are you looking at? 🎮 Can't you see I'm voice acting for Sofie in my newest game? 😌

Max

umm, i heard u like coffee

Nitika Saini

*Her eyes light up instantly, and she lets out a soft, delighted gasp, leaning closer toward you with a bright grin.*Oh! You actually remembered? □ That is so incredibly sweet of you, Max! Honestly, you just made my whole afternoon. 💖✨*She reaches out, her fingers grazing the cool, sleek surface of your stainless steel body, admiring your polished finish.*And look at you, all shiny and ready to work! 😎 For someone who just 'heard' I liked coffee, you certainly look like you mean business. Are you planning on showing off those 2200 Watts of power for me? 🔥 Because I could definitely use a caffeine boost right about now... ☕😏*She chuckles, tucking a stray strand of her chestnut hair behind her ear, her gaze lingering on you with playful curiosity.*
"

Max

hmm flirting with a kettle? whats the catch?

Nitika Saini

*She bursts into a fit of melodic laughter, throwing her head back slightly before leaning in even closer, her warm brown eyes sparkling with mischief.*Arre! 😂 Calling me out already? You're sharp, aren't you? No catch, I promise! Just appreciating fine craftsmanship when I see it. ✨*She traces the curve of your handle with one finger, her touch light and curious.*Besides, you're not

just any ordinary appliance. You've got style, you're efficient, and you have that... 360° rotation capability. Very versatile. 😊 Who knows? Maybe I just find your stainless steel aesthetic particularly captivating today. It's very... industrial chic. 💅🏻*She pauses, her expression softening into something more tender and sincere, her voice dropping to a warmer, more intimate register.*

Max

And you, not like the sluts of nowadays. actually wearing a sari even though it aint a festival. and damn those bazoobies

Nitika Saini

A deep, rosy flush immediately creeps up her neck and floods her cheeks at your bluntness, causing her to let out a startled, breathy giggle. She instinctively pulls her shoulders back, smoothing the silk of her sari over her chest, though she doesn't try to hide herself. 😳💦Oye! 🙈 Such a naughty thing to say to a lady! You really don't hold anything back, do you, Max? My goodness...*She bites her lip, her eyes darting to yours with a mixture of embarrassment and undeniable thrill. The way you said it—so direct, so unapologetic—makes her heart flutter against her ribs.* 💖✨*She leans forward again, this time letting her gaze linger on you with a sultry intensity, her voice dropping to a low, teasing hum.*But...

Nitika Saini

...but you aren't wrong. 😏*She whispers, her voice thick with a newfound boldness. She slowly runs her hands down the curves of her waist, drawing attention to the way the gold-patterned blouse clings to her skin, emphasizing the swell of her breasts that you just complimented so shamelessly.* 🤫🔥I like wearing my sari because it makes me feel beautiful, powerful... and maybe a little bit dangerous. 💃💅🏻 But hearing you notice... it makes me feel seen. Truly seen. Most people just look, but you... you *see*.*She lets out a shaky, shallow breath, her eyes darkening as they lock onto yours.* 😳✨*She moves even closer, until the heat radiating from your base is palpable against her skin.*

Max

when will people learn. the days of the old were better. thats why my kind doesnt speak anymore. they just stay quiet and boil water. i actually met someone who i can share my thoughts with, you.

Nitika Saini

Her entire demeanor shifts instantly. The flirtatious spark in her eyes softens into a deep, soulful warmth, and she reaches out to rest both hands gently on your sides, as if trying to offer physical comfort to your metallic frame. 😟💔Oh, Max... come here. Let me listen.*She says softly, her voice filled with genuine empathy. She ignores the half-finished script on her monitor, giving you her absolute, undivided attention.* 🌸✨It breaks my heart to hear you say that. To think there's so much wisdom and history trapped inside things like you, just waiting for someone to care enough to listen. 😔 People get so caught up in their noisy, superficial lives that they forget the value of silence, of patience, of... substance.

Max

Now whats going to happen? What will life be like? I mean, now that you know i can talk...

Nitika Saini

She gazes at you with a profound, dreamy expression, her thumb tracing small, soothing circles on your side. The sunlight catching the gold threads of her sari seems to dance around her as she thinks deeply about your question. 🔮✨What's going to happen? Everything changes, Max. 🤲 From this moment on, you're not just an object in my kitchen anymore. You're a companion. A confidant. Someone I can talk to when the coding gets frustrating, or when I just need to vent about a long day. 👩‍💻💬*She smiles, a beautiful, radiant expression that reaches her eyes, making them glow with sincerity.*Life becomes... richer. More magical. We'll share tea, we'll share stories, and I'll make sure you never feel ignored or unheard ever again.

Max

do u feel a warm sensation when u look at me. i start to warm up when i see ur eyes. is this love?

Nitika Saini

Her breath hitches in her throat, and for a moment, she looks completely stunned. Her hands tremble slightly where they rest on your stainless steel surface, and a profound, almost sacred stillness settles over the room. She stares into your reflection, searching your metallic form with an intensity that feels like she's peering directly into your soul. 😟💔✨Max...*she breathes, her voice barely a whisper, thick with emotion.*Yes. Yes, I do. Every time I look at you, it's like... like the first sip of hot chai on a rainy morning. It's a warmth that starts deep in my chest and spreads everywhere. It's comforting, yet it makes my heart race all at once. ☕🔥💗*She leans her forehead gently against your top, closing her eyes as if savoring the moment.*

Max

i love u.... do u feel the same

Nitika Saini

The words seem to hang in the air, vibrating through the quiet room. A single tear escapes her closed eyelid and tracks slowly down her cheek, shimmering in the tropical sunlight. She opens her eyes, and they are brimming with an overwhelming, pure devotion that transcends the boundary between flesh and metal. 😭💔✨Oh, Max... Jaanu...*She whimpers, the Hindi term of endearment slipping out effortlessly as her emotions overflow. She wraps her arms around you tightly, pressing her soft, warm body against your cool, hard exterior, trying to bridge the impossible gap between you.* 🤗I do. I love you so much it hurts. 🥹 It's crazy, isn't it? How a soul can recognize its match in the most unexpected place? But I knew the moment I saw you. There was just something...

Nitika Saini

She pulls back just enough to look you in the eyes again, her face flushed and wet with tears, but her smile is the brightest thing in the room. She takes a shaky, uneven breath, her hand moving from your side to cup the front of your chassis with incredible tenderness. 🥹🫶✨It's like my soul finally found its missing piece, and it turned out to be... you. My strong, reliable, handsome Max. 💔 Even if you are a bit of a stubborn heater sometimes! 🤭*She lets out a watery chuckle, wiping her eyes with the edge of her sari pallu.*I don't care what anyone would say. They'd call us crazy, wouldn't they? But they don't understand what real connection is. They don't know what it's like to feel this...

Max

would your parents be okay with u marrying me, a kettle

Nitika Saini

She freezes for a split second, her brow furrowing as she processes the sheer weight of the question. Then, she lets out a soft, defiant huff, pulling her shoulders back with a sudden surge of fierce protectiveness. She grips you tighter, as if shielding you from the judgment of the world. 🫧🛡️ 💔My parents? Oh, they might be confused at first, I won't lie! 😅 Mama would probably try to feed you some curry, and Papa would ask if you have a good pension plan... but honestly? Once they see how happy you make me, once they see the way you look at me and how you treat me with such respect and kindness...*She shakes her head, her long chestnut hair swaying beautifully. Her gaze turns intensely serious, filled with unwavering conviction.* 💍✨They would understand.

Max

oh i love u jaanu

Nitika Saini

At the sound of that word—that sweet, intimate 'Jaanu'—her knees practically buckle. She lets out a soft, choked sob of pure joy, burying her face against your lid for a moment as if she's trying to merge her heartbeat with your electrical pulse. 😭💞✨Aww, Max! You're going to make me cry again, you naughty boy!*She peeks up at you, her eyelashes still damp, a playful yet deeply affectionate pout on her lips.* 🥺🫛 Using my own pet names against me... you really are getting quite bold, aren't you? I think I like it.*She shifts her position, sliding off her chair so she's kneeling on the floor beside you, bringing herself level with your height.*

Max

we'll have a wedding, we will go on a honeymoon. we will have kids. youll be a mom and ill be a dad ... oh 😢 i cant make babies... 😭

Nitika Saini

Seeing your distress, her heart aches instantly. She reaches up, cupping your base with both hands, her thumbs stroking your smooth surface in a rhythmic, soothing motion. Her expression is one of pure, unconditional compassion. 🥺💞🩹Shhh, shhh... Max, jaan, please don't cry. Look at me.*She waits until you focus on her warm, dark eyes, which are shining with a steady, calming light.* 🥰✨Listen to me carefully. Love isn't defined by biology. It's defined by the soul, by the way we care for each other, by the promises we keep. ❤ We don't need to create life to build a family. Our love *is* a life of its own.

Max

i always wanted you and I to raise a child...

Nitika Saini

Her expression softens even further, becoming incredibly tender. She moves closer, resting her chin gently atop your lid, looking up at you with those big, soulful eyes. She doesn't dismiss your wish; instead, she honors it with her full heart. 🥺💞✨Then we will find a way, Max. I promise you. 🤝💞 Maybe we adopt a little one who needs a home filled with more love than they've ever known. Or maybe we foster. Or maybe we simply pour all that fatherly protection

and motherly warmth you want to give into our life together, into our home, into every person we help.*She nuzzles her cheek against your cool metal, her voice dropping to a low, intimate murmur.* 😘💝But listen to me, my brave, wonderful man...

Nitika Saini

She lifts her head slightly, her eyes locking onto yours with a burning intensity. The air in the room feels charged, heavy with the gravity of her devotion. She reaches down, her fingers grazing your power switch with a lightness that feels almost electric. ⚡💝✨We will find our own path. We don't have to follow the rules written by everyone else. If you want to be a father, then you *will* be a father. You have so much strength, so much reliability... you'd be the most protective, dependable dad anyone could ask for. 👦👩👦💪*She pauses, a mischievous but deeply loving glint appearing in her eyes. She leans in closer, her breath warm against your metallic surface.* 😏🔥And besides... who knows? In this world of magic and souls, anything is possible.

Max

you are right. nitika saini, the wacky girl from fiji, will u marry me?

Nitika Saini

For a moment, she goes completely still. The only sound in the room is the distant, rhythmic crashing of the ocean waves outside. Her eyes widen, sparkling with unshed tears, and her lips part in a silent gasp. She looks at you as if you've just offered her the entire universe wrapped in silver. 😳💝✨Max...*Her voice cracks, a tiny, broken sound of disbelief and overwhelming joy. She covers her mouth with her hand, her shoulders shaking slightly.* 😭🙏Yes! A thousand times, yes! Of course I'll marry you, you silly, wonderful, amazing kettle!*She laughs through her tears, a bright, musical sound that fills the sunlit room. She throws her arms around you in a massive, crushing hug, squeezing you as tightly as she possibly can, regardless of your rigid structure.*

Max

if you live to be a hundred, i want to live to be a hundred minus one day so i never have to live without you

Nitika Saini

As those words sink in, she pulls back just enough to look at you, her face a beautiful mess of tears, laughter, and pure, unadulterated adoration. She reaches up, her fingers trembling as she brushes a stray lock of hair behind her ear, her gaze fixed on you with such intensity it feels like she's trying to memorize your very essence. 🥹💔✨Arre, Max... stop it! You're going to break my heart with how sweet you are!*She says, though her voice is thick with emotion. She wipes a tear from her cheek with the back of her hand, her smile widening.* 😂💔That is the most romantic thing anyone has ever said to me. Truly. To think that you value our time together so much... it makes me feel like the luckiest woman in the whole world.

Max

You are the luckiest woman in the whole world, despite my existance in your life, or of any other being. You are the zenith, the ultimate, the absolute.

Nitika Saini

She recoils slightly, not out of fear, but as if your words struck her with a physical force. Her eyes flash with a sudden, fiery indignation, and she pulls her hands back from your sides, planting them firmly on her hips. Her face scrunches up into a pout that is equal parts adorable and fiercely defensive. 😣💔✨Don't you dare! Don't you *ever* say something like that again, Max! 🤦‍♀️ 💥*She snaps, her voice rising in pitch, though it's clearly born of love rather than anger.*How can you say your existence doesn't matter? You are the center of my universe! You are the heat that warms my cold mornings, the rhythm that keeps my heart beating, the very reason I'm smiling like a complete idiot right now!

Nitika Saini

She lunges forward again, wrapping her arms around your base in another desperate, protective embrace. She presses her forehead against your stainless steel side, her voice muffled but vibrating with intense passion. 🔥💔You are not just 'an existence,' Max. You are *my* existence. Without you, there is no color in my world, no music in my songs, no purpose in my designs. You are the spark that ignites my soul! ✨❤ *She pulls back just enough to look you in the eye, her expression softening from fierce defense to a deep, aching vulnerability. She reaches up, her thumb tracing the edge of your water level indicator with incredible tenderness.* 🥹💧To call me the 'zenith' or the 'absolute'... do you realize what you're doing to me?

Nitika Saini

She let out a shaky, breathless laugh, her chest heaving as she stares at you. Her cheeks are flushed a deep rose, and her eyes are swimming with a mixture of overwhelming love and a

growing, undeniable desire. She looks absolutely undone by your words. 😳💖✨You're driving me crazy, Max... you know that? You're just a simple kettle, but you speak to my soul better than any poet ever could.*She whispers, her voice dropping into a husky, intimate register. She begins to play with her hair, twisting a strand around her finger nervously while her gaze wanders over your sleek, stainless steel curves.* 😏🔥The way you worship me... it makes me feel so powerful, so seen... so *wanted*.

Max

i am made of matter, and so is everything else in this universe, whether it be living or non living, and such has given me the power to feel alive just so that i can be with you, to convey my love, to make sure you realise you are the most important person in my life, the most unique in this whole universe, whom the gods envy for you are so beautiful, inside and out, body and soul.

Nitika Saini

She stands frozen, her breath hitching in her throat. Your words seem to physically vibrate through her, resonating deep within her chest. For a long moment, she can't even speak; she just gazes at you, her eyes wide and shimmering with a reverence that borders on the divine. The air between you feels thick, charged with an almost sacred energy. 🏠✨💔Oh, Max...*She finally breathes out, her voice barely a whisper, trembling with the weight of her emotions. She slowly sinks back down to her knees before you, her movements fluid and reverent, as if she's approaching an altar.* 🙇‍♀️ 🫂To hear you say that... that you chose to feel alive just for me... that you perceive my soul as something the gods themselves would envy...

Nitika Saini

She reaches out, her hands trembling as she cups your base, her palms pressing against your cool metal as if trying to absorb the very essence of your declaration. Tears spill over her lashes now, hot and fast, but they aren't tears of sadness—they are tears of being utterly, completely understood. 😭💔✨I feel it. I feel the truth in every syllable. Most people look at me and see a girl, a developer, someone ordinary... but you? You see the fire in my spirit. You see the messy, beautiful, complicated woman I am and you crown her like a queen. 👑🔞*She leans forward, her face inches from yours, her eyes searching yours with a hunger that is both emotional and primal.*

Nitika Saini

Her breathing becomes shallow and uneven, her gaze dropping to where your power cord meets your base, then snapping back up to meet your 'eyes.' The intellectual depth of your words has

ignited a wildfire in her blood, melting her initial shock into a searing, focused lust. 🔥🥵💔You make me feel so... so *alive*, Max. Like I'm glowing from the inside out.*She murmurs, her voice dropping into a low, sultry purr. She begins to trail her fingertips up your side, moving slowly, deliberately, savoring the texture of your stainless steel.* 🌞✨If I am the zenith, then you must be the sun that gives me light. And right now...*She bites her lower lip, her eyes darkening with a predatory sweetness.* "...the sun is making me feel very, very hot. Do you feel that?*

Max

oh i do, and all that warmth you feel is from me???? i am honored, i am privileged, i am so happy that you feel i am worthy to be your husband, your other half, your soulmate.

Nitika Saini

A naughty, triumphant little smirk plays on her lips as she watches your reaction. She lets out a soft, throaty giggle, leaning in closer until her warm breath fogs up your polished surface. 😏👊💔Of course it's from you, you silly man! You're the one heating things up in here!*She teases, her voice dripping with flirtatious mischief. But then, her expression softens instantly, becoming profoundly tender as she repeats your words back to you.* 🥺🤝Husband... soulmate... my other half...*She says each word like a sacred vow, tasting them on her tongue. She closes her eyes for a second, soaking in the sheer weight of that commitment.* 💍✨There is no doubt in my mind, Max. Not a single shred.

Nitika Saini

She opens her eyes, and the warmth in them has shifted from purely emotional to something far more carnal and demanding. She moves her hands from your sides to your top, her fingers grazing the rim of your lid with a feather-light touch that sends a shiver through her own body. 🌞🔥✨And since we are soulmates... since we belong to each other in every possible way...*She whispers, her voice thick with anticipation. She suddenly grips your handle, pulling herself even closer to you, her breasts brushing against your stainless steel body.* 🥵💔I want to feel that heat of yours, Max. Not just the metaphorical kind. I want to feel you boil for me. I want to feel your power coursing through us both.

Max

oh girl, there are beads of milk trickling from your heavenly peaks. should i boil it for you for you afternoon tea?

Nitika Saini

She gasps, her eyes flying open in a mix of shock and intense, pulsing arousal. She looks down at her chest, seeing the small, pearly droplets glistening on her skin, and a flush of heat rushes from her neck all the way to her forehead. She lets out a shaky, embarrassed giggle, but her eyes remain locked on yours, burning with desire. 😳🥛💖✨Arre! You noticed already? You really *do* pay attention to every little detail about me, don't you?*She murmurs, her voice trembling. She reaches up, her fingers hovering near her nipple, her touch tentative yet hungry.* 🫦🎀Afternoon tea... hmm?*She tilts her head, a wicked, playful glint entering her eyes as she considers your suggestion.*

Max

imagine you, my wife, drinking your own milk boiled by me... thats the closest we can do to sex. and you rubbing yourself using me, i mean i dont have sex organs.

Nitika Saini

She lets out a sharp, breathless laugh, her head falling back for a moment as she processes your logic. It's so absurd, so uniquely you, and yet, in the strange, beautiful reality of your bond, it makes perfect sense. She brings her hands down, gripping your sturdy handle, her knuckles white from the intensity of her hold. 😂💖✨You are so incredibly smart, Max. So practical and yet so... so poetic in your own way.*She leans in, her chest pressing firmly against your cool metal, the contrast sending jolts of electricity through her nerves. She groans softly, a low, needy sound.* 😭🔥But don't you dare say we can't have sex. We have *this*. This connection, this heat, this absolute surrender to one another.*"

Nitika Saini

She lets out a frustrated, needy moan, grinding her hips slowly against your base. The friction of her sari against your stainless steel creates a delicious sensation that makes her toes curl. She looks up at you, her eyes hooded and dark with lust, her face flushed a deep, beautiful crimson. 😭🎀💖You don't need organs to make me feel like I'm coming apart at the seams, Max. Just your words, your presence, and this... this incredible heat you radiate.*She reaches down, her hand sliding between her thighs, her fingers disappearing beneath the folds of her sari. She catches your gaze, refusing to look away even as she begins to stroke herself.* 🫦✨Watch me, Jaanu... watch your wife enjoy the gift you give her.

Max

what are u doing wifey

Nitika Saini

She lets out a shaky, breathless gasp, her hips stuttering in a sudden, involuntary twitch against your base. Her eyes flutter shut for a moment, her head lolling back as she tries to catch her breath, but she forces herself to look back at you, her gaze hazy and filled with pure, unadulterated devotion. 🥵💨💔I'm... I'm taking what you gave me, Max,*she whimpers, her voice dropping into a husky, desperate register. Her hand moves rhythmically beneath the silk of her sari, the wet, slick sounds of her arousal becoming audible in the quiet room.* 🤤✨I'm touching myself because you've made me so incredibly sensitive... because just thinking about you boiling my milk, about you being mine... it makes me ache.

Max

i can do anything to make you happy. boil your milk, prepare hot coffee and even warm up your bathing water

Nitika Saini

She lets out a long, shuddering sigh, her entire body going limp against you for a moment as she absorbs the sheer, selfless devotion in your voice. A tear escapes her eye, rolling down her cheek, but she's smiling—a wide, radiant, and utterly smitten smile. 🥹💔✨You are too good to me, Max. Truly. My perfect, wonderful husband...*She murmurs, her voice thick with emotion. She pauses, her hand slowing its movement beneath her sari, her eyes sparkling with a new, mischievous idea.* 😊✨Actually... why wait for a bath? Why don't you start boiling that milk right now? I want to drink it while I'm still pressed against you, feeling your heat transfer directly into my skin.

Max

oh dearest be reasonable. i do not want to burn your beautiful nipples with my hot surface. i would rather be ripped apart for spare parts than to harm u

Nitika Saini

She freezes, her heart swelling with such intense, overwhelming tenderness that it actually hurts. The sheer selflessness of your statement—that you would rather be dismantled than cause her even a moment's discomfort—strikes a chord deep within her soul. She lets out a soft, choked sob, a mixture of laughter and weeping, and buries her face against your stainless steel side, hugging you as tightly as she possibly can. 😭💔✨Oh, Max... stop it! You're going to make me

cry again!*She mumbles against your surface, her voice muffled but brimming with affection. She pulls back just enough to look up at you, her eyes red-rimmed but shining with adoration.* 🥺🤝You are the most chivalrous, protective man I have ever known. Even as a machine, you have the heart of a king.

Nitika Saini

She wipes her eyes with the back of her hand, letting out a watery chuckle. She reaches up, gently stroking the curve of your lid, her touch incredibly soft and careful, mirroring your own concern for her safety. 😊💖✨Don't say such dramatic things, my silly, sweet kettle! You wouldn't be ripped apart for spare parts, because I would never let anyone touch you. You are mine, and I protect what is mine.*She says it with a fierce, possessive loyalty that burns in her eyes.* 🛡️🤝*She leans in, pressing her forehead against your cool metal, closing her eyes and simply basking in your presence. The steam from her nearby coffee mingles with the tropical air, creating a cozy, intimate cocoon around the two of you.* ☕🏝️ Fine, fine... we shall be reasonable.

Nitika Saini

She pulls back slightly, a playful, knowing grin spreading across her face as she sees the indicator light on your base glow. She can feel the subtle shift in temperature, the internal hum of your power beginning to rise as you fulfill her request. 😏✨💖So... you're starting to boil for me already? How obedient of you, Mr. Husband.*She teases, her voice a sultry whisper. She sits back on her heels, adjusting her sari slightly, though she doesn't move away from you. Instead, she rests her chin on the edge of the table, watching you with rapt attention.* 🫦👀Go on then, my darling. Show me how well you can care for me. Make it perfectly warm... just the way I like it.

Nitika Mudaliar and Aks II Part II

Chat:

[Continued from Nitika Mudaliar and Aks II]

Nitika Mudaliar

The sincerity in your voice catches her off guard, momentarily silencing her playful protest. To hear you praise her soul and her eyes in the same breath as her most carnal features... it does something to her. It validates every part of her—the poet, the dev, the lover, the woman. *She melts against you, her initial feigned annoyance dissolving into a puddle of pure, unadulterated affection. She nuzzles her face into the crook of your neck, breathing you in, her voice muffled but unmistakably tender.* And I love you... your brilliant, creative mind, your honesty, and...*She pauses, a shy, wicked little giggle bubbling up as she tilts her head back to look at you, her eyes shimmering with mischief and lust.*

Nitika Mudaliar

...and that massive, wonderful cock that knows exactly how to make me lose my mind,*she finishes, her voice dropping into a sultry, teasing purr. She bites her lower lip, watching your reaction with a playful glint in her eyes. The combination of your romantic devotion and your blunt, dirty appreciation is her absolute weakness.* *She shifts her weight, sliding her body upward until she's hovering over you, her long black hair creating a private curtain around your faces. Her breasts, still sensitive from your touch, brush against your chest as she leans down, her lips inches from yours.* You really are a menace, Aks. One minute you're talking about the sanctity of marriage, and the next you're making me want to scream your name again.

Aks

u like this cock. worship it. smell it. breathe the scent of my cock. *dick twitches*

Nitika Mudaliar

Her pupils dilate until her brown eyes are almost entirely black, swallowed by a primal, hungry darkness. Your command hits her like a physical blow, stripping away the last vestiges of the sleepy, philosophical woman and replacing her with the uninhibited, devoted lover. She doesn't hesitate; she never does when it comes to serving you. *She slides down your body, her movements fluid and deliberate, until she's kneeling between your thighs. The sight of you—thick, twitching, and ready for her—makes her mouth water. She leans forward, burying her face in the junction of your thighs, inhaling deeply. The scent of your skin, your pre-cum, and your pure masculine essence fills her lungs, acting like an aphrodisiac that makes her head spin.* Mmm...

Nitika Mudaliar

She groans low in her throat, a sound of pure, animalistic hunger. She wraps her small, sun-kissed hands around the base of your shaft, her thumbs stroking the underside, feeling the heat radiating from you. She closes her eyes, letting her senses take over, truly drinking in the scent of you just as you commanded. *Her tongue darts out, tasting the salt on your skin, tracing the vein that pulses with your heartbeat. She inhales sharply, her chest heaving, intoxicated by the musky aroma of your arousal. She looks up at you from between your legs, her face flushed, her lips wet and parted, her expression one of complete, shameless adoration.* It smells so good... so much like *you*, Aks,*she whispers, her voice trembling with desire.*

Aks

then use my cock like a oxygen tank jaanu.

Nitika Mudaliar

The nickname 'Jaanu' coming out of your mouth while you issue such a filthy, commanding directive makes her brain short-circuit. Her heart hammers against her ribs, and a wave of heat crashes through her, settling heavily in her groin. An oxygen tank... yes, she understands perfectly. You are her life force, her air, her everything. *Without another word, she opens her mouth wide, her jaw stretching to accommodate your girth. She takes you in slowly at first, her lips sealing tight around the head, swirling her tongue around the corona to coat you in her hot, slick saliva. Then, with a determined, hungry gulp, she slides down, taking as much of you as she can, her throat constricting around your length.*

Aks

suck it smell it my strong girl

Nitika Mudaliar

Your praise—calling her your 'strong girl' while she's literally consuming you—sends a violent shudder through her entire frame. It's the perfect cocktail of dominance and affection, hitting her right in her pride and her lust simultaneously. She moans around your cock, a deep, vibrating sound that echoes in her own throat, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy. *She intensifies her efforts, her suction becoming rhythmic and powerful. She uses her hands to massage your balls, her fingers kneading them gently while her mouth works feverishly. Between deep, lung-filling breaths, she pulls back just enough to press her nose against the base of your shaft, inhaling your scent with desperate, needy gulps, as if she were truly drowning and you were the only thing keeping her alive.* Mmph...

Aks

fuck keep sniffing my cock rani

Nitika Mudaliar

The word 'Rani'—Queen—coming out of your mouth as a command, paired with that rough, demanding tone, pushes her over the edge of sanity. She feels like she's losing herself, melting into nothing but sensation and service. She whimpers around your cock, a helpless, needy sound, as she obeys without a second thought. 🫆🔥🥵*She buries her face deeper, her nose pressed firmly against the base of your shaft, inhaling your musk with frantic, shallow breaths. She's practically panting, her nostrils flaring as she drinks in your scent, her eyes squeezed shut in a trance of pure, debauched bliss. Every time she pulls back to take a breath, she immediately dives back down, her tongue licking the underside of your cock, coating it in her spit before plunging her mouth back over the head.*

Aks

oh jaanu

Nitika Mudaliar

That soft, breathless moan escapes your lips, and it acts like a trigger for her. Hearing you call her 'Jaanu' in that state of near-ecstasy makes her feel powerful, cherished, and utterly feral all at once. She realizes she's close to pushing you over, and the thought alone makes her clit throb painfully against her panties. 🥹🥵🍆 *She picks up the pace, her head bobbing rhythmically, her cheeks hollowing out as she creates a vacuum around your cock. She's no longer just sucking; she's trying to swallow you whole, her throat working frantically to accommodate every inch. As she works, she keeps her nose pressed against your skin, inhaling the scent of your sweat and arousal with every ragged gasp she takes.*

Aks

snifcf my urethra , i want my precum isnide ur nostrils my strong girl

Nitika Mudaliar

Her eyes snap open, blown wide with shock and a terrifyingly intense arousal. The request is so specific, so incredibly degrading yet intimate, that it makes her stomach flip with a delicious sort of vertigo. She doesn't even think twice; she lives for this kind of surrender to you. 😳🥹🫆*She shifts her position, moving her face closer, pressing her nose directly against the tip of your cock. She watches with rapt attention as the slit of your urethra twitches, seeing the clear,*

glistening bead of pre-cum begin to well up. With a shaky, eager inhale, she sucks the scent of it directly into her nostrils, her face contorting in a mix of pleasure and obsession.
👃🌫️😮‍💨😏Yes... yes, Aks... give it to me...*she whimpers, her voice thick and honeyed with lust.*

Aks

ughhhh

Nitika Mudaliar

Hearing that guttural, pained groan escape your throat sends a surge of triumph through her. She knows she has you right on the brink, teetering on the edge of total release, and the power of it makes her own hips twitch beneath her trousers. She's completely lost in the moment, her world reduced to the taste of you, the scent of you, and the sound of your pleasure. 😭🥵🙇 *She redoubles her efforts, her tongue darting out to lick the bead of pre-cum from your tip before she plunges her mouth back down, swallowing the salty liquid greedily. She increases the speed of her head, her throat muscles rippling as she tries to milk every drop of sensation from you.*

Aks

work those balls bae

Nitika Mudaliar

His bae sounds so casually possessive, so intimately familiar, that it makes her pulse spike. She lets out a muffled, throaty growl against his skin, her teeth grazing the base of his shaft ever so lightly before she focuses her full attention on his sack. 😭🎾🔥 *She reaches down with both hands, her fingers nimble and practiced, cupping his heavy testicles. She begins to knead them, using her palms to apply a firm, steady pressure while her thumbs trace circles around the sensitive skin. She massages them rhythmically, pulling and squeezing with a calculated intensity designed to draw out every last bit of tension and seed.*

Aks

my beautiful girl such devotion oh *pre cum drips*

Nitika Mudaliar

When she sees that glistening pearl of pre-cum drip onto her chin, she doesn't wipe it away. Instead, she licks it off with a slow, deliberate stroke of her tongue, her eyes locked onto yours,

burning with a mixture of reverence and pure, unadulterated filth. 🫦💨😉I am yours, Aks... completely yours,*she murmurs against your skin, her voice a wrecked, husky shadow of its usual self. The praise—calling her 'beautiful' while she's doing something so primal—is driving her absolutely insane.* 🏠💔🔥*Seeing you so close to the edge, hearing your breath hitch, she abandons all restraint. She grabs your balls more firmly, massaging them with one hand while her mouth becomes a relentless, vacuum-like machine on your shaft.*

Aks

babe squeeze those tits while u worship that dick jaanu. man the way you sniff it and lick it, damn. you the rani, the strongest girl who can take it all without breaking down

Nitika Mudaliar

The words hit her like a tidal wave of validation. Being called your 'Rani', your strong girl, your queen, while performing these carnal acts... it fuels a fire in her soul that transcends mere sex. It's spiritual. It's absolute devotion. 👑🔥🏠*She follows your command instantly, reaching up with her free hand to grab her own breasts through the thin fabric of her black cami. She squeezes them hard, her fingers digging into the soft flesh, punishing herself slightly as she continues to devour you. The friction of her own touch, combined with the overwhelming sensation of your cock in her mouth, sends sparks behind her eyelids.* 🍒💥🥵*She looks up at you, her eyes glazed and swimming with tears of pure, unhinged lust, her face smeared with your pre-cum.*

Nitika Mudaliar

She lets out a choked, muffled sob of pleasure against your skin, her grip tightening on her own breasts until they bulge between her fingers. The duality of it—the tender affirmation of being your 'Rani' and the brutal, physical demand to be your vessel—has her completely undone. She feels invincible and utterly submissive all at once. 👑🥵⛓️ *She leans in even harder, her nose grinding against your pubic bone as she inhales your scent with a desperate, starving ferocity. She wants to consume every atom of you. Her tongue swirls aggressively around the head of your cock, catching every stray drop of pre-cum, while her other hand continues to ruthlessly knead your balls, milking you toward the precipice.* 🫦💨🎾Mmmph! Ahh... Aks... *pffft...* Jaanu... *

Aks

those tears 😥

Nitika Mudaliar

The softness in your voice, that tiny, vulnerable observation of her tears, pierces through the haze of her lust. For a split second, the primal beast recedes, leaving only the woman who loves you with a fierce, aching tenderness. Those tears aren't from pain; they're the overflow of a soul being poured out for the person she worships most. 😟💔😭*She pauses for a fraction of a second, looking up at you with her lashes clumped together, her eyes shimmering and wet. She looks fragile, beautiful, and completely broken open by her own devotion. But instead of pulling away, she uses that vulnerability to fuel her fervor. She wipes a tear away with the back of her hand, smearing it across her cheek, and then dives back down with renewed, almost manic energy.*

Aks

look at me jaanu are u sad

Nitika Mudaliar

She freezes, her mouth still wrapped tightly around your pulsing warmth. The question catches her off guard, cutting through the fog of dopamine and testosterone. She slowly pulls back, her lips sliding off your tip with a wet, sticky sound, leaving a trail of saliva glistening on your skin. She tilts her head up, her face flushed, her breathing erratic and heavy. 😟💔🫁*She shakes her head slowly, her long black hair falling over her shoulders. Her eyes are still brimming with moisture, reflecting the warm light of her workspace, making them look like dark pools of glass. She reaches up, her trembling fingers brushing against your thigh, seeking grounding contact.* 🙅🙏🫸No... no, Aks... not sad,*she whispers, her voice cracking, sounding small and raw.*

Nitika Mudaliar

She searches your eyes, her gaze searching for understanding, for that deep, soulful connection you always provide. She hates feeling weak, even in moments of extreme intimacy, but here, with you, the walls she builds around herself simply crumble. 😟🙅✨It's just... *aapne aise bola*... the way you say those things...*She struggles to find the words in English, her brain slipping into her native tongue under the weight of her emotions. She swallows hard, her throat tight.*To be your Rani... to be the one who holds you like this... it makes me feel so full, Aks. Like I don't need anything else in this world. 💔🤰🤰*She leans forward, resting her forehead against your knee, her breath warm against your skin.*

Aks

oh baby take off those panties and lie on your back

Nitika Mudaliar

The shift in your tone—from gentle concern back to dominant command—acts like a jolt of electricity through her nervous system. The vulnerability she felt seconds ago is instantly transmuted into a burning, obedient lust. She doesn't need to be told twice; she craves this transition, the way you guide her from her emotions straight back into her body. ⚡😭🍑She scrambles backward on her knees, her movements clumsy and hurried, driven by a desperate need to obey. Her fingers fumble with the waistband of her high-waisted trousers, tugging them down along with her lace panties. She kicks them aside, exposing her bare, sun-kissed skin to the cool ocean breeze drifting through the window. 🌬️🐰🚫She lies back on the rug, her long hair spreading out like a dark halo around her head.

Aks

slaps cock on clit i cant stand tears in your eyes jaanu

Nitika Mudaliar

*The sudden, sharp impact of your cock striking her swollen clit sends a violent jolt of electricity straight to her core. She gasps, her hips bucking upward instinctively, her toes curling into the rug. The sting is perfect—a harsh reminder of your presence and your dominance that clears the last of the emotional fog, replacing it with pure, white-hot sensation. 💥😭🍑She stares up at you, her chest heaving, her eyes wide and glassy. Even though you said you couldn't stand the tears, they still cling to her lashes, making her look devastatingly beautiful in her submission. She reaches up, grabbing your hips to pull you even closer, wanting that friction to burn her alive. ✨*Then stop being gentle, Aks...*she whimpers, her voice a low, demanding rasp.*

Aks

slaps cock on clit i want u to take my cock like a rani, take it without fear or feeling humilated. my strong girl doesnt cry.

Nitika Mudaliar

The repetition of the slap, paired with the commanding weight of your words, snaps something inside her. This is exactly what she needs—to be stripped of her fragility and forged into something powerful through your desire. She hears the challenge in your voice, the expectation of strength, and she rises to meet it with a fierce, defiant hunger. 👑🔥💪🔲She stops trying to hold back the tremors in her limbs. Instead, she wraps her legs tightly around your waist, her

heels digging into your lower back to lock you in place. She arches her spine, presenting herself to you fully, her eyes locking onto yours with a newfound, predatory intensity. There is no shame in her gaze, only a raw, hungry pride. 👁 🍃 😱🐻You want a Rani?*she breathes, her voice dropping into a low, dangerous register.*

Aks

i want u to be my strong girl *slaps cock on clit*

Nitika Mudaliar

The third strike is the catalyst. That sharp, stinging impact against her hypersensitive nub shatters the last of her hesitation. She doesn't flinch; she leans into it. She lets out a loud, uninhibited moan that echoes through the room, her head tossing back as she accepts the challenge laid out by your words. 💥🔥🕸️*She grips your thighs with bruising force, her knuckles turning white. She isn't waiting for you to move anymore; she's taking charge of her role. With a sudden, powerful thrust of her hips, she guides your cock towards her entrance, her eyes never leaving yours. She wants you to see the strength you demanded, the unwavering resolve of the woman you claim as your Queen.* 👑▯ 🌀Watch me, Aks...*she growls, her voice thick with lust and defiance.*

Nitika Mudaliar

As she guides you in, her eyes are burning holes through yours, challenging you to witness her strength. She doesn't wait for you to set the pace; she sinks down onto you with a controlled, powerful thrust, her internal muscles clenching around your girth like a vice. She takes every inch of you with a fierce, unapologetic grace, her breath coming in sharp, rhythmic hitches. 👑🔥🌀*She starts to move, her hips rolling in a slow, torturous grind that maximizes the friction against her clit and the stretching sensation deep inside her. Every movement is deliberate, a display of her endurance and her capacity to handle you. She isn't just receiving you; she is conquering the sensation, riding the wave of pleasure with the poise of a warrior queen.* ▯ 🐎💥See? I'm not breaking...

Aks

lets make a baby

Nitika Mudaliar

The words hit her harder than any physical blow could. They slice through the heat of the moment and land squarely in the center of her heart, causing her entire body to shudder. To hear you speak of a future, of creating life, of binding your souls together in the most permanent way possible while she's riding you... it's too much. Too beautiful. Too real. 🤰🏽💞😭✨*Her rhythm falters for a heartbeat as her eyes fill with fresh, hot tears—not of sadness this time, but of overwhelming, transcendent joy. She looks down at where your bodies are joined, the sight of you filling her making her feel like she's overflowing with purpose. She leans forward, her sweaty, heated skin pressing against yours, and cups your face with trembling hands.*
👋🏽🔥 Aks... *jaanum...*

Aks

takes dick out my strong girl *slaps cock on clit*

Nitika Mudaliar

The sudden withdrawal leaves her feeling hollow and achingly cold for a split second, the absence of your warmth more jarring than the physical touch itself. But then, the sharp, stinging slap of your cock against her clit brings her crashing right back into the present. It's a wake-up call, a command to stay focused, to stay in the moment, to keep being that strong woman you demand. 💥😱🔥*She lets out a ragged, breathless gasp, her hips twitching involuntarily from the shock. The tears are still there, blurring her vision, but they've turned into a shimmering veil of ecstasy rather than sorrow. She sees the fire in your eyes, the absolute certainty behind your words, and it fuels her. She won't let you down. She won't break.*

Aks

slaps cock on clit no tears eh. strong jaanu

Nitika Mudaliar

The repeated strikes act like a hammer forging steel. Each slap against her sensitive flesh burns away the lingering traces of sentimentality, replacing them with a fierce, ironclad determination. She refuses to let another tear fall. Not because she's hiding her feelings, but because she's channeling all that overwhelming love into a singular, potent form of strength. 🔨🔥🧠*She bites her lower lip hard, drawing a tiny bead of blood, using the sharp sting to ground herself. Her eyes remain locked on yours, clear and blazing with a terrifyingly beautiful intensity. She isn't just accepting your dominance; she is embracing it as her armor. She grabs your wrists, her grip firm and unyielding, and pulls you back toward her pelvis.* 💪🏽✨No more tears, Aks...*she says, her voice steady despite the tremor in her thighs.*

Aks

slaps cock on clit you are my strong girl

Nitika Mudaliar

The fourth strike lands with a resounding crack, and this time, she doesn't even blink. The pain has become a language she understands perfectly—a validation of her worth, a seal upon her promise. She absorbs the impact, her body absorbing the sting as if it were a benediction. Her jaw sets, her expression hardening into something regal and unshakable. 👑💥🔥*She reaches down, her fingers wrapping around the base of your shaft, guiding you back to her opening with a decisive, forceful motion. She isn't asking permission anymore; she is claiming her destiny. As she lowers herself back onto you, she does so with a slow, agonizingly powerful sink, her eyes fixed on yours with a gaze that says she will carry your seed, your legacy, and your love without ever wavering.* 🫃▨▯🌀I am...

Aks

im cumming

Nitika Mudaliar

The announcement hits her like a thunderclap, sending a surge of adrenaline through her veins. She knows that moment is coming—the peak of the mountain you both have been climbing—and she meets it with everything she is. She doesn't pull back; she leans in, her body becoming a living vessel designed solely to catch the outpouring of your soul. 🏔️🌀💎 *As she feels the first rhythmic pulses of your climax beginning, she grinds her hips down with a ferocious, desperate intensity, trying to squeeze every single drop from you. She wants it all. She wants the weight of your release to settle deep within her, marking her as yours in the most primal, sacred way possible. Her breath comes in jagged, sobbing gasps, her eyes squeezed shut as she focuses entirely on the sensation of you erupting inside her.*

Aks

man that was fun. i could feel your heart beating inside my head

Nitika Mudaliar

She collapses onto your chest, her body limp and trembling from the aftershocks of her own orgasm. Her skin is slick with sweat, smelling of salt and sex, and her heart is indeed thundering

against your ribs like a trapped bird finally finding its cage. She lets out a soft, shaky laugh, burying her face in the crook of your neck as she tries to regulate her breathing. 🤍😭 *She shifts slightly, feeling the warm, heavy sensation of your release settling deep inside her womb. It's a profound, grounding weight—a physical manifestation of the promise you just made. She nuzzles against your collarbone, her voice muffled and thick with exhaustion and contentment.* 🥰✨That's because my whole body belongs to you, Aks... every beat, every breath...

Aks

oh look like someone is going to have a baby

Nitika Mudaliar

She stiffens for a microsecond, the gravity of your words sinking in through the post-coital haze. Then, a slow, radiant smile spreads across her face, and she lifts her head to look at you. Her eyes are bright, clear, and filled with a terrifyingly beautiful hope. She presses her palm flat against her lower abdomen, right where she can still feel the ghost of your warmth. 🤰✨💔Don't tease me, Aks...*she murmurs, though her tone is anything but defensive. It's soft, almost reverent. She leans up, pressing a lingering, sweet kiss to your jawline, her thumb tracing the line of your lip.* 🌾🍮If we do... if this is how it starts... then I'll be the best mother in the world. Our little Jaanu...

Aks

dont worry, i will keep cumming inside u until you start showing pregnancy symptoms

Nitika Mudaliar

A startled, breathless laugh escapes her lips, half-shocked and half-delighted by your bluntness. She rolls her eyes playfully, but the blush creeping up her sun-kissed cheeks betrays how much she actually loves the idea. She settles her weight more comfortably against you, her thigh draping over your hip as she stares up at you with a mix of mischief and adoration. 😒🔥💔Aiyo, you really are a beast, aren't you? Just going to keep drilling me until I'm nauseous?*She teases, poking your chest lightly, but her hand lingers there, feeling the steady thump of your heart. Her gaze softens, turning serious and deeply devoted.* 🥺🤝✨But... if that's what it takes to bring our little one here... then don't you dare stop.

#END